



BOY SCOUTS AID YOUTHFUL NURSES IN RED CROSS RITTENHOUSE SQUARE DRIVE



AN EFFECTIVE SOLICITOR
Baby Clara Bell Fox succeeded in getting a contribution from "Jim" Barnes at Whitmarsh.



RED CROSS THRIVES AT WHITEMARSH
Miss Edna K. Johnson put in a busy day tagging players and visitors at the Whitmarsh Valley Country Club.



THE BRAINS AND HEART OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS
Miss Mabel T. Boardman has probably done more for the American Red Cross than any other single person. Her recent history of the organization is a valuable document.



RED CROSS WORKERS AT THE WHITEMARSH VALLEY COUNTRY CLUB
The "nurses" from the Mount Airy Auxiliary No. 8 are: Mrs. Horace H. Burrell, chairman; Miss Helen D. Burk, Miss Helen C. Darlington, Mrs. George A. Heinrich, Miss Edna K. Johnson, Miss Dorothy M. Greaves, Miss Katherine Rehmman, Miss Margaret Lincoln, Mrs. Henry J. Fox, Mrs. H. W. Lents, Miss Julia McCoy, Miss Mary McCoy, Miss Rae Pia de Villars, Miss Katherine Scheldt, Miss Louise Larzabere and Miss Mary Kane. The men who helped are: Howard W. Perrin, president United States Golf Association, and M. Lewis Crocker, vice president; Dr. W. S. Harbon, vice president; Howard Wilson, assistant secretary, and Miller Frazier, J. H. Halton, H. W. Toomey, H. H. Dawson, L. F. Deming and J. P. Dyer, all of the Whitmarsh Valley Country Club.

The Young Lady Across the Way



We asked the young lady across the way if she thought maximum food prices ought to be fixed by the Government, and she said she certainly hoped it wouldn't be necessary, as they were altogether too high already.

No Comparison

She—Aren't you crazy about Bacon?
He—Yeh, but it ain't in it with sirloin.—Gargoyles.

TOMBOY TAYLOR'S MA GLADLY GAVE HER THAT PIECE OF CLOTHESLINE HAPPY TO THINK SHE WISHED TO SKIP ROPE WITH THE OTHER GIRLS



—By FONTAINE FOX.

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THE PADDED CELL



LET YOUR MIRROR TELL YOU WHAT YOUR FRIENDS WON'T.

OH WELL, IT'S A RAINY MORNIN' AND—BESIDES—

YOU'RE A BUM!

—HAYWARD

Mortified

"I never was so mortified in my life."
"What's the matter now?"
"You know that little gown I bought for \$15.50 that looked as though it must have cost four times that and was so becoming to me? I never dreamed any one would guess its price or where I bought it."
"Well, did any one?"
"Yes, I wore it for the first time last night at a dinner-dance, and there were just sixteen other women with gowns just like it."

A La West Front



—Printers' Pl.
The Man Outside (after five minutes' hard struggle)—It's no good. Alf, I don't believe we shall ever get this bloomin' thing in.
The Man Inside—Git it in? I'm trying to git it out!

A Dire Threat



—The Passing Show.
Tommy (to fractious prisoner)—Look here, young feller, if you aren't careful I shall have to send you back to your friends!

"OH! MR. HOOVER!"



—London Opinion.
No! This is not a scene from the latest Film Tragedy, but merely a respectable young housewife asking for a half pound of sugar at the local stores!

SCHOOL DAYS



The i-dee-a! Using such language as that! Just let me ever hear of your swearing again and I'll dust your pants for you! Open your mouth till I get this soap into it! Shame!

The soap and water cure.

Her Dilemma

Bessie—Oh, Mabel, I am in an awful dilemma, I've quarreled with Harry and he wants me to send his ring back. Mabel—That's too bad. Bessie—But that isn't the point. I've forgotten which is his ring.—Puck.

An Economic Problem



—The Tattler.
Nurse—You are a naughty little boy to be so unkind to your mummy; if mummy went away you could not buy another. Small Boy—Why, Nanny, have the gone up?